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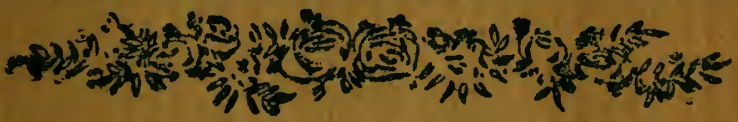
When Patti Sang

And Other Souvenir Poems



BY

LUCIUS PERRY HILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAINTINGS FROM LIFE

BY

VOLNEY ALLAN RICHARDSON

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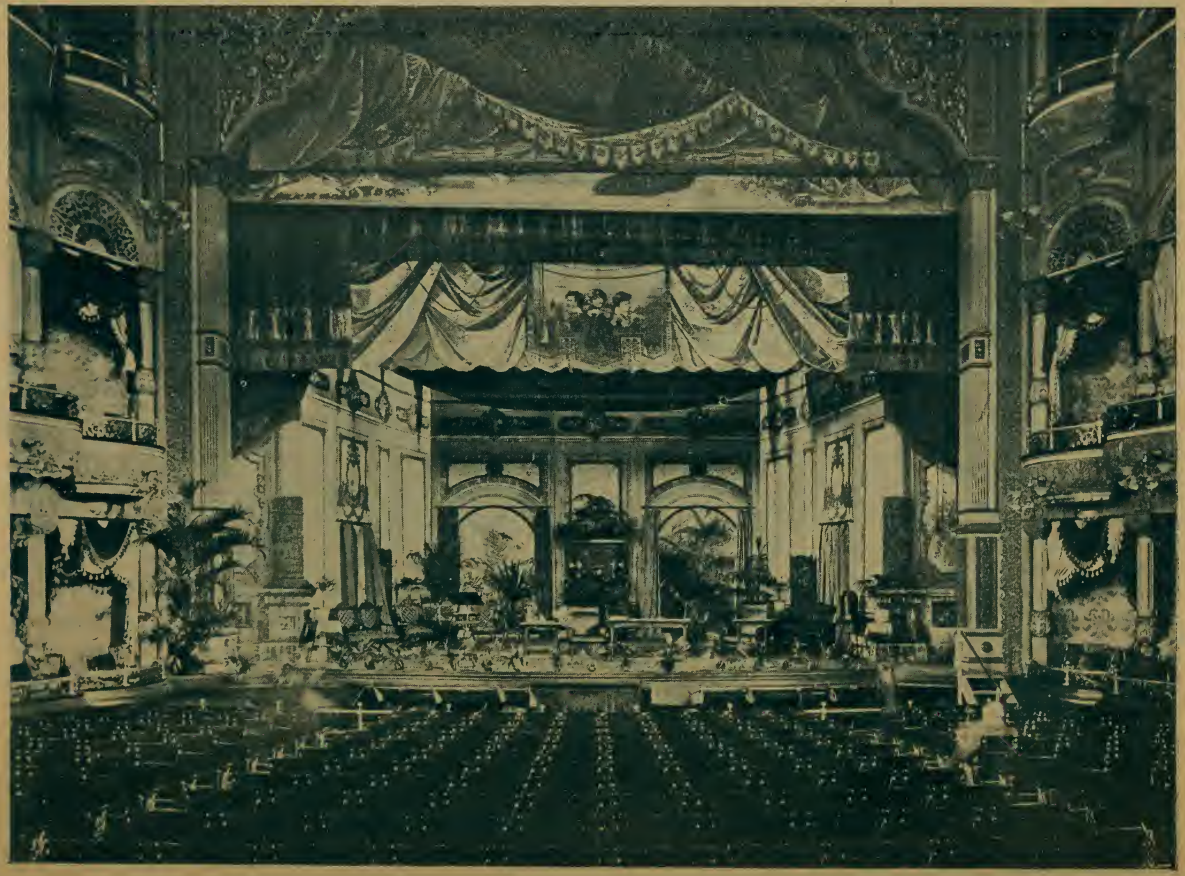
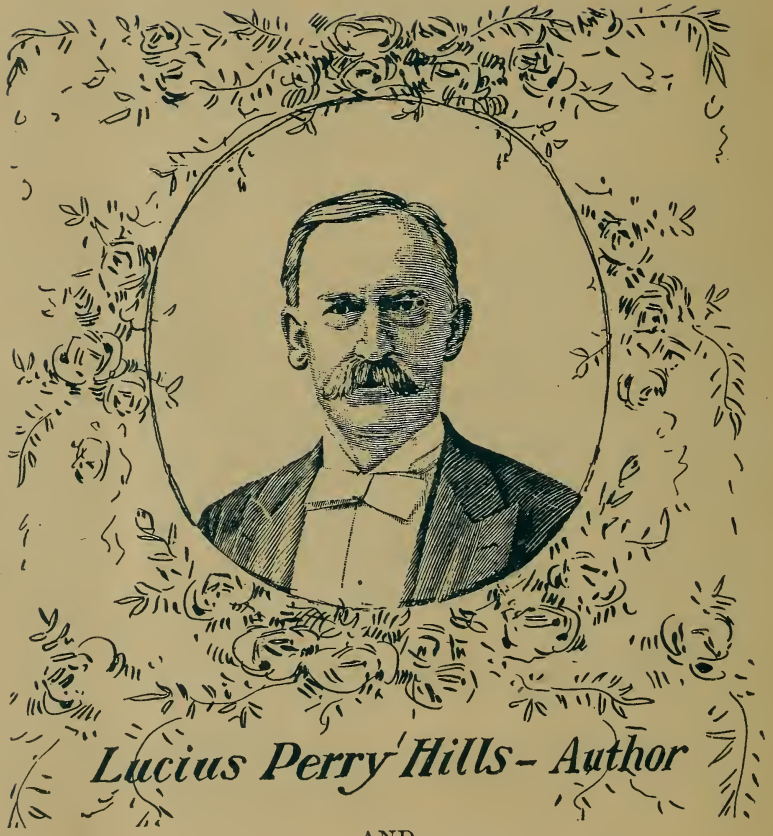


STAGE OF GRAND OPERA HOUSE, ATLANTA, GA.



Lucius Perry Hills - Author

AND

NOTED PLATFORM READER.

WHEN PATTI SANG

BY

LUCIUS PERRY HILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAINTINGS FROM LIFE

BY

VOLNEY ALLAN RICHARDSON

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ATLANTA, GA.
THE FRANKLIN PUBLISHING HOUSE
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Explanatory Note.

THE verses of "WHEN PATTI SANG" were sketched by Mr. Hills on the back of a program during the Patti Concert in DeGive's Grand Opera House, Atlanta, Ga., January 11th, 1894, and were published at the time in a small edition of a little booklet, hurriedly illustrated, for private distribution among personal friends, by the great Singer and the Author.

To this poem, newly illustrated with paintings by a noted artist, has now been added some new and appropriate matter, all of which has been put into form under the Author's personal supervision to be used by the Patti Management as a Souvenir during the remainder of the great Singer's tour of America.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 1st, 1904.

a m p 174h33

To

ADELINA PATTI,

THE BARONESS CEDERSTROM,

THIS LITTLE SOUVENIR IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

AS A FEEBLE TRIBUTE FROM THE AUTHOR

TO THE INSPIRATION.

Lucius Perry Hills.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

STAGE OF DEGIVE'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE, ATLANTA, GA.

PEN DRAWING OF THE AUTHOR.

ADELINA PATTI, THE BARONESS CEDERSTROM, IN AN ARBOR AT CRAIG-Y-NOS.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"SUWANEE RIVER."

"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."

"LAST ROSE OF SUMMER"

THE POET'S FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

A DREAM OF SONG.

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, PATTI'S HOME IN WALES.

IN A BOX AT THE PATTI CONCERT.

In an Arbor at Craig-y-nos.

WHEN Patti sang I sat entranced 'mid the
enraptured throng,
And listened to the music of that old, familiar
song,
Till from each isle and continent where weary
pilgrims roam,
I heard glad voices echoing the strains of "Home,
Sweet Home."

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

And when she sang another song, I seemed to
hear the flow
Of Suwanee's placid waters, touched with the
sunset's glow;
And the south wind softly singing to the cypress
and the pine,
Filled the grand old forest arches with a melody
divine.

"SUWANEE RIVER."

Then suddenly I thought I heard, amid the rustling grain,
A tender voice repeat the old, old story once again;
While the sound of lovers' kisses floated out upon the air,
And all the world seemed brighter still for Patti's singing there.

"Coming Through the Rye."

Then I saw the withered rose leaves fall quivering
to the ground,
And angels must have listened to the low and
plaintive sound
That came drifting, drifting to me, and fell upon
my ears
Like snow-flakes turned to music, and then melt-
ing into tears.

"Last Rose of Summer."

And all the while sweet harmonies crept down
into my heart,
And nestled in a home from which they never can
depart ;
For as life's ever changing tides of joy and sorrow
roll,
The memory of her voice will still keep singing in
my soul.

THE POET'S FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

And when at last life's evening shadows across my
pathway fall,
And pictures of the past grow dim on memory's
crumbling wall,
That one fond recollection will its brightness still
retain,
For I shall dream I hear her sing those dear old
songs again.

A Dream of Song.

The Song-Bird of Craig-y-nos.

IF I might wander on a summer's day
In that sweet vale where she is wont to rest,
And lift my eyes up to the mountain's crest,
Watching the cloud-born shadows as they play
Among the crags awhile, then drift away
Through seas of sunshine o'er the valley's breast,
Pausing to lightly kiss the song-bird's nest,
Amid the groves where Muses love to stray,—

I there would gather every whispered note
Of purling water, and of sighing breeze,
And catch each trill that quivers in the throat
Of every feathered songster of the trees,
Then pluck a pinion from an eagle's wing,
And write a song fit for her lips to sing.

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, PATTI'S HOME IN WALES.

THE POET AT THE PATTI CONCERT.

Our Farewell to Patti.

WHAT was a glorious night when first your song
Moved our responsive hearts to smiles and tears,
Leaving its echo to be borne along
Mid joys and sorrows of the passing years;

Till kindly Fate has brought you back again,
That we may hear your matchless song once more,
And keep the memory of its sweet refrain
Still singing to us in one long encore.

And if some woodland chorus now could sing
The farewell song our hearts indite to thee,
Each purling brook would hush its murmuring,
And listen to the plaintive melody.

But since we here our final leave must take,
Our lips can only whisper our adieu,
Henceforth, for us our mocking-birds can wake
No sweeter song than memories of you.

The Song-Rose.

ONE summer's eve the God of Music chose
To wed fair Beauty to his tuneful Art,
And so he sought the rarest, queenliest Rose,
And breathed soft melodies into its heart.

That night Love came and kissed the Song-Rose there,
While sweet perfume filled all the leafy bowers,
Like music softly floating on the air,
For fragrance is the love-song of the flowers.

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